

A LEGEND OF THE DESERT.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The mournful moon, thro' misty veil,
O'er wide Zahara's waste looked down
On one young sleeper, worn and pale,
With careless curls of golden-brown.

Alone—lost from his wandering band,
He lay in sweet and smiling rest ;
While to his heart one blue-veined hand
A lovely lady's picture pressed.

Away beside the storied Rhine
His childhood's dreamy beauty roved ;
The sunny valleys of the vine
Embosomed all he wished and loved.

But in his early youth's bright hours
His fair twin-sister drooped and died ,
And soon they pushed away the flowers,
And laid his *mother* by her side.

And she, the beautiful and true,
Whose young love echoed back his own—
Ere long the grave had claimed her too—
And Karl was left on earth alone.

In olden castles, rapt in thought,
He heard wild legends from the wind,
And lingered there until he caught
A ruined romance in his mind.

Tears rained and quenched his bosom's fire,
His lip nor smiled nor sighed nor curled ;
And, yielding to his one desire,
He grew a wanderer of the world.

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Now on the desert-sand he dreamed .
His lost ones came in angel guise—
How soft their spirit-kisses seemed
On the closed lids of his blue eyes.

At last thro' midnight's boundless blue,
Past starry isles in distance dim,
His mother and sweet sister flew—
But his young love remained with him.

"At morn, by burning blast," she said,
"Red sands will round thy path be driven—
My darling Karl ! bow thy bright head
And sleep—thou'lt wake with us, in Heaven."

From his sweet lip the sun's first rays
Awoke a sound more glad than all
That they were wont in olden days
From Memnon's viewless lyre to call.

And when he saw the fatal wrath—
That swept the burning sands more near,
Low in their ruin-wasting path,
He bowed and—died without a fear.